

clear ★ winner.
clear ★ winner.

issue number two

I I NK AND DAGGER the GET UP KIDS

it takes fewer muscles to smile
than to frown.)

HELLO

my name is

bryan, and i have to remember th
at tomorrow is another day... **br**
yan, and the word "punk" is fun
to say... **bryan**, and the new COU
NTING CROWS videø kicks ass...
bryan, and "there is never a bad
day in massachusetts"... **bryann**,
and i cannot even spell my own na
me.

There are basically
four things that
govern my life
right now; my
friends, my family,
my schooling and
my job... somehow
though, I'll
always manage to
lose track of my
priorities and
become less than
perfect at all of

these at one point or another.

Among all the other stuff that is going on in my life lately, my parents are finally getting divorced. After six or seven years of procrastination and stubbornness the two people that once raised me together are now getting legally separated from each other permanently. The thing that bothers me the most though, is that my seventeen year old brother and I are constantly getting dragged into a fight that is not ours, it was never our choice, and shouldn't be ours (you cannot place a child in the middle of a parental argument, that isn't and shouldn't be his/her place. You can't force a child to take sides when two people that they love are involved and it is impossible for a kid to place hatred when two people that they love are involved.).

You can place blame though, and I take every single ounce of blame that I was handed and throw it straight at my parents faces. If a divorce was finalized when I was in the eighth grade (when they first got separated.), I would have not known any of the gory details about divorce that I do know now (wouldn't have cared of even remembered anyway.), I wouldn't have been thrown unwillingly into the center of the ring and, most importantly, I wouldn't have lost a family.

For two years, up until halfway through my sophomore year of high school, my brother and I lived with my mother. While, five miles away, my father lived in an apartment by himself. It's not like my brother and I never saw him though, everyday he would drive us to school on his way to "the office", and there were plenty of Saturdays and vacations to have fun on.

During the two years that I spent living with my mother we slowly and steadily began to become enemies. I, armed with my new set of punk rock skateboarder friends, and my bible toting mother, seemed to be the perfect story book enemies. We would constantly argue every little topic into the earth so far, that there was never any sort of common ground between us. The wall was built up so high on enough occasions to send me out of the house for days. One day, when we could no longer see anything positive about each other, I was sent to go live with 'my father'. I made it perfectly clear though that I was angry, I packed up all my belongings when she was home and didn't return her "How are you doing?" questions or her phone calls. Exiled into complete anger and frustration and shame, my mother and I did not speak for almost an entire year.

So my four years of high school pressed on, and the living situation that I was in was finally becoming some sort of home. I felt that I was comfortable

The only time I talk to my father is when he calls me on the phone the first day of every month to "remind me" of the money that I owe him. So I casually place two hundred dollars in an envelope and leave it in the mail box for him, that way we don't have to see each others faces (in fact, I am not sure if I would even recognize him if I did see him, I haven't seen him in over five months... I don't even know when the last time that I spoke to his face was.)

I am now happily living back in my mothers house and trying so hard to be an active member of a family. Writing this got me thinking about being a parent, it has got to be very emotionally hard. Trying to do everything the right way for your family and probably ending up losing in the end has got to be very tough.

So this is great... chalk one up for the word "divorce", it rhymes with "no family" and has about as much pizzazz as a nail in the head.

Thank you for listening...

bryan sheffield ten kaw avenue rockaway new joisey 07866
(if you'd like, you can still get your filthy hands on **clear winner** issue number one. it has an interview with the lovely band **joan of arc** (ex cap'n jazz), and tons of the personal writings that make this such a rockin' zine. just send me a stamp or two and i'll try my damndest to make you happy.)

A few nights ago, Aaron and I were going through some old stuff that I had written, and sure enough, we came across a letter that I had wrote to the band Chokehold about a year and a half ago. Well I decided to type this puppy back up and put it in this zine just for the hell of it. Now, I wrote this letter a long time ago so you can't hold me accountable for any stupidity that I showed. Most of the words are still true to what I feel today, but a lot of the stuff has changed (I don't even know what I am talking about a lot of the time in the letter.). Sure enough, the Canadian hardcore legends never wrote me back, but they did break up less than a year later. Oh well.



those crazy Canadians busting it Out @
67 handy street, 06.11.95...

Saturday June 24, 1995

Chris, Matt, Matt and Jeff

In the last year or so I have acquired your "Prison of Hope" CD, your "Instilled" 7" and with my fondness of these, have listened intently and enjoyed. I recently saw you guys play three times in the last six months or so and was very pleased when you announced the release of your new (Content With Dying) CD. This letter is about this CD.

I was excited last Monday when my brother, a friend and I went to a record store a few towns away and found out that they had "the new Chokehold...". Well anyway, I listened to it, read the whole insert and finally came to the conclusion that you guys seem very contradictory and have every quality of a preacher ('Burning Bridges', line two.). Knowing full well that I will be forced to back up these words, I shall. I would also greatly like to know your opinion and the reason(s) for your absolute hatred towards everything that surrounds you. I, along

with everyone that I know who has listened to and read your new record, is unable to understand the logic of the hatred that seems to encompass your entire life and everything that you do.

I am a seventeen year old male, in the last year and a half I have made a decision to stop eating animals, and most recently (about two months ago) to go vegan. Now these circumstances surrounding my eating habits have led me straight into plenty of discussions, many arguments and surprisingly a few screaming matches. I chose the word 'surprisingly' because I did not choose to have anger placed on me by the ways of our society, it only angers me to no end when I see ignorance or apathy used as an excuse to the genocide that all of us have forwarded at one time or another. I have anger this way, but how about you?

Why do you hate pro-lifers? If I had to choose a label I would choose pro-life. I have always (from the time that I knew what abortion and the controversy surrounding it was) been against this legal form of killing. I AM NOT ANTI-WOMAN! I AM NOT ANTI-HUMAN AND I AM CERTAINLY NOT PRO-MURDER! Now hear me out, I do not, nor have I ever in any way, agree with the shooting or murdering of abortion doctors(?) in the same way that I can't agree with the theory of HARDLINE. So don't clump every person who is anti-abortion into the same category. In fact, my opinions and beliefs are not religion or god placed. Lines seven and eight tell us that if abortion becomes illegal then "...the state owns her rights...". rights to end innocent life for usually nothing more than a birth control method. Being that I have a small mind I am giving you the opportunity to tell me what the solution is.

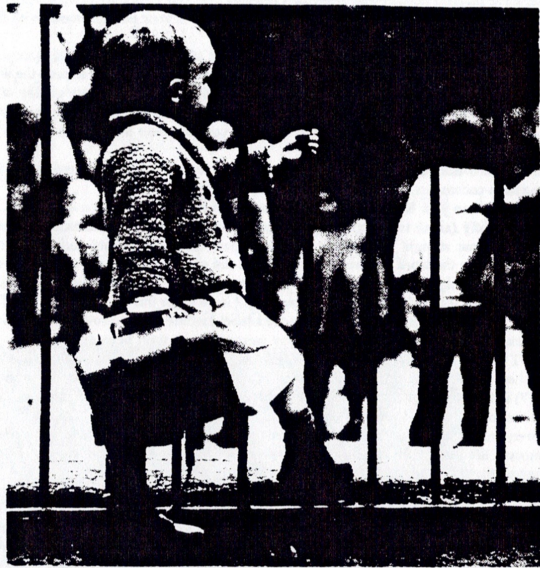
If vegetarianism, or even veganism, was enforced as a law of our country(s), would you cry? That would be taking away peoples right to kill and eat a living creature. It would be taking away someone's right to do whatever they want, would this be wrong? Where is the line that you have drawn at freedom?

"Don't know why you think some people are less human...", "Until we realize everyone is equal, nothing is going to change.". You have also stated, "That's why it makes me smile when someone kills a pig or two.". How is it possible to be a living person and be liked by you guys at the same time? How can a person be good enough for you guys? You hate pigs, you hate anyone with any kind of affiliation or belief in a religion... let's just talk about that for a minute. The song "Anchor" is unmistakably about religion, Christianity, Hare Krishna, Judaism or whatever, it's about religion and the fact that you'll have no part in it ("I won't fall, I won't fall..."). Well, reaching new grounds on the "Content With Dying" CD, you have given me question as to why you would hate a religion. It is obvious to all that you are not religious, and by the words written on one of your amps anyone can read that "there is no god!". But wait... in the song "Religion on a stick" you ask the question "Are you a missionary for God or a missionary for money?", by asking this you are admitting that there is some sort of a God, if you can refer to it by name. Also, the intellectual statement of "FUCK YOUR GOD!" would force anyone to ask why. Why are you so much against anyone's God? If a person is totally comfortable and content with THEIR God then why are you against it? Yes blood is shed through religion and the force of God, but that is an evil persons, or society's, fault. Millions of innocent people were killed by the nazis in the late 1930's and 40's but it would be ridiculous to blame their deaths on themselves for the religious beliefs that they were raised with and held. I'd blame an insane man, not the religion, right? I'd like to hear your opinions on religion, I personally am not religious but to imagine the world and life the way it is, without any superior help would be very selfish. We cannot be the highest form of beings, not us.

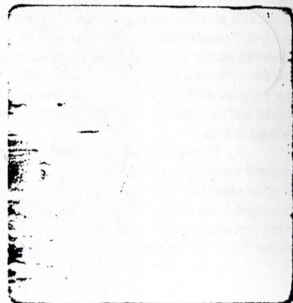
Now please let me try and understand how you can tell people how to live their lives, and how you can tell people what freedom is. Maybe I feel free by spending 35 years of my life working. You can't tell people what their freedom is, your preacher aspect is again showing. The introduction that you printed above "Content With Dying" seems to try and show me how good you are, FRIGGIN WOW! I totally agree with what you are trying to explain in this song but you simply cannot try and force your opinions on the hardcore scene. These are only your opinions on what freedom, or life, is... or isn't.

Okay, I'm done. Please write back and tell me the way that you feel about this stuff.

Bryan Sheffield



hello
, hello hell.



It's almost Christmas time; a time of celebration and gifts, and a time to thank God for what he has bestowed upon all of us. The weather is feeling just about right from what I remember most about previous years. The holiday season is in full bloom and for some reason I feel pressured and irritated by all the green and red blinking lights and fictional character spirited holiday cheer, and I don't like it.

While I was walking my dog tonight I realized how incredibly unattractive Christmas lights are, it seems like some people just throw them on their trees and houses thinking that is what the words 'tis the season' mean. I passed a nativity scene on a neighbor's front lawn (is there anything else in the world that is tackier than a light-up baby Jesus on middle America's front lawn?) and it was very apparent that the local K-mart must have run out of 'Joseph's' because a plastic troll figurine was inserted in his place incognito. I wondered how Rockaway New Jersey would look from an airplane's point of view; tiny details stripped away, but all the lights still burning as ugly as ever (just a lot tinier and closer together). Would the glowing Jesus', and millions of kilowatts look any prettier from a mile or two in the sky? Would the sun's reflection off of a frosted over car windshield make the mall parking lot look like a giant frozen lake? Or would it all look just as repulsive as this greedy season looks down here?

If I was flying a mile or two in the sky, would it be any easier then, to pretend that I am going somewhere at a steady pace.

You probably wouldn't be able to see my house from the sky, the solid white candles my mother has placed on all the window sills are no match for the luminescent power of a million strands of colored bulbs hanging from someone's gutter. It's kind of like back in fourth grade on the ball team. When that perfectly catchable pop-fly gets hit towards your side of the park, no matter how many "I got it..."s you yell out, the sun will always get the best of the visiting team as the ball ends up smacking you in the face. It's mainly the embarrassment that hurts the most.



c. boland

400 years

Who is in THE GET UP KIDS, how old are you guys and what instruments do you play?

The Get Up Kids are now, and forever shall be, Robert Pope who plays the bass, Jim Suptic who plays the guitar and sings, Robert Pope who plays the drums, and my name is Matthew Patrick Pryor and I play the guitar and sing. We used to have a fellow named Nathan Shay in the band, he played drums on the 7", but he is not with the band anymore. Rob is 18, Ryan is 17 and Jim and I are 19.

the get up kids

Who did you guys vote for in '96?

The only person who voted was Jim and he voted for Clinton. Robert did not vote because he is from Kansas and does not like Bob Dole, but no candidate has ever lost the support of their home state, so Rob's vote would have not done any good. We suggested that he vote anyway but he did not want to fuck with it. I was not allowed to vote because I lost my voter registration card and they said that I could not vote without it. Ryan is not old enough to vote yet.

Do all of you write the music? All of the lyrics to your songs are very personal, who writes most of the lyrics?

We all write the music, Jim and I actually collaborated on the lyrics to "shorty". Otherwise, I'll write what I sing and Jim will write his stuff, we try to stick to a common theme which is pretty easy since most of our songs are about girls or other people we know.

The song **BREATHING METHOD** was my favorite off of your seven inch. The song starts of very peaceful and slow, kind of in a sad way, but then stops and blasts into a very angry (yet musically it's very poppy and danceable) song that seems to be about regret, but finishes off with the angry line, "Can you conceive that I hate you... that a word as strong as hate can describe the way I feel.". This song is amazing, could you please tell me who wrote it and help me understand what it is about by explaining it.

Here's the lowdown on "The Breathing Method". when we were writing the song I said that the transition from the intro to the loud part should be a "pregnant pause". Which, if you don't know, is the dropped-jaw-look-of-horror silence when your girlfriend tells you that she's pregnant. So, I wrote lyrics about what I was thinking the several times I had gone with my girlfriend to get tested. She's never been pregnant, but I've got a pretty active imagination. So the song is about regretting getting yourself into that situation, but in the end taking responsibility for your actions, which I think I would do. Jim and I sang about that and then Nathan wanted to scream a part over the back of the music and he took a different perspective. The "can you conceive that I hate you..." stuff is about a girl getting pregnant and getting dumped by the guy and then having to live with something that reminds her of him. So it's still with the pregnancy theme. The title is from a Stephen King novella about a rather odd pregnancy. However, since Nathan is no longer in the band we still play the song but without that part, since it was his.

Is Huey Proudhon Records (the label that The Get Up Kids 7" came out on.), your own label? If so, I noticed that the Get Up Kids record is HPR 16, what other bands releases have you guys done?

Yes, Huey funds it and Robert, Kevin (our good friend) and I run it. I've enclosed a HPR catalog to show you all the stuff we have/had [*secular theme/boy's life split 7", secular theme 10", savasch 7", kingpin 7", secret decoder ring 7" and LP, the get up kids "demo" 7" and "HP016" 7" ...*].

I have noticed that your record is for sale through a numerous amount of different distributors, including some large labels. How did you guys get such great distribution? Did you guys do it independently or is Huey distributed through a larger label?

I do all the U.S. distro and Kevin is the European connection. We are distributed through a couple of labels, but it's mostly us dealing with

distros. I'm glad that you are able to find it so easily.

How much time and energy is placed into HPR? I have never seen any advertisements in any zines, do you do a lot of promoting and/or advertising for HPR?

HPR is on hold until after Christmas when I can buy a computer and take fewer hours at school. Business hasn't stopped, it's just slowed down a lot since we are all in school and very busy. We have done advertising in Punk Planet, Heartattack and we have an ad in the new very mail-order catalog, I guess they aren't very noticeable though.

Have you guys ever toured anywhere? Where and for how long?

We are all in school and so can only take weekend trips which we try to do at least once a month. This summer we are touring two weeks east and two weeks west. Maybe we'll see you at one of the shows... nudge, nudge.

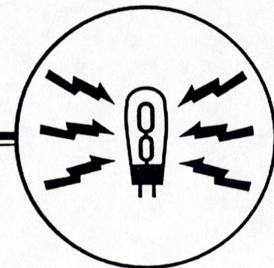
Are there any releases or tours in store for the Get Up Kids?

Tour this summer. 7" on Outback Records (Florida) in January, 7" on Contrast Records (Rhode Island) in February. CD of all the 7" stuff and unreleased songs on HPR hopefully in May so that we can take it on tour with us.

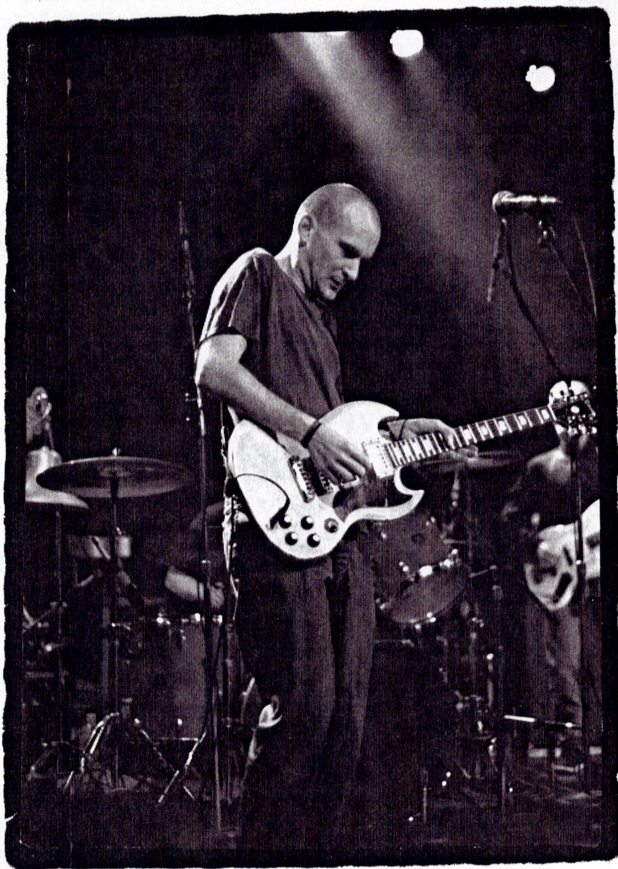
Is there anything else that you would like to add/say? Feel very free to ramble on about anything here.

I need a nap. Thanks.

The Get Up Kids
PO Box 45573 Kansas City, MO 64111 USA



ffugazi



Edies

neat meat stories...

(my friend told me this one: she told me th~~at~~ she wasn't going to eat at TACO BELL anymore because she read in a pennsylvania newspaper that "this ladywent to eat at TACO BELL, she already had a cut in her mouth and she went into TACO BELL and order ed a taco. she got~~x~~ the taco and ate the whole thing without any problems until two days later when she woke up and found that where she had that cut in her mouth was all swollen into a large lump.

when she went to the doct~~or~~s office to get it checked out, he told her that he was going to have to operate to remove the lump because apparently there were cock~~ro~~ach eggs laid in the cut, warm, incubated and ready to hatch." pretty dArn fucked up if that story is true!

Some lady went to ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ MC DONALDS on her lunchbreak from work. she really hated mayonaisse so when she ordered her MC chicken sandwich through the Mc drive-thru she made sure that she ordered "No mayo!". Rushed to get back to her ~~xxx~~place of employment she grabbed the sandwich with one hand while steering her car with the other, free, hand. she took the first bite and realized that there was a white globby-like residue a~~ll~~ over the chicken sandwich meat. she thought that it was mayo so she decided not th eat the rest of the sandwich and simultainiously swallowed the first bite while throwing the rest of the sandwich into the nice wrapper and bag that it came with, and finnaly laying it to rest on her passenger seat floor.

later that day~~x~~ at work she was violently puking all over the place and had to be taken to the hospital by some friendly co-workers. well, the doctors had no clue what was up exept that she had gotten some sort of food poisoning. when she ~~was~~ asked if she had eaten anything out of the ordi~~max~~nary that day the doctors sent a nurse out to her car to fetch the remains of the chicken patty. to everyones surprise, the team of medical doctors found the white gunk all over the sandwich to not be mayo, but in fact a tumor that the chicken had on it's breast! whoopie... chalk one up for the animals. WORD!))

"VENGEANCE IS MINE!",

cryed the chIcken breast.

this is a

PHOTO

that my

my father

took

while he

was killing

people

in a vietnamese
war.

my father didn't even call to
wish
me a happy birthday.



(You probably don't need me to tell you, you can probably tell by the smile on my face, that I am happy. Great day? Good week? Great past couple of months? Yes, all of the above.

Last month Cheese Aaron and I went up to massachusetts for a long weekend of fun, and we completed our mission. We stayed at a friends house on Cape Cod for a few nights before we headed on up to Boston where we visited some friends and played the cold game of "homeless man" when we slept overnigt in Boston Commons. While in Cambridge, Cheese somehow managed to end up locking his keys in the car while it was running... something is definitely wrong with that kid. Boston is a pretty cool city, every one there, no matter what time it is, is always drunk.

k After boston it was time to move on up to the lovely town of Amherst Mass., birthplace and home of Mr. Joseph Mascis of Dinosaur jr. fame. Somehow we found his house and I mustered up the courage from somewhere to ring the doorbell of an idol that I've had since the ninth grade. After some illusion by J.'s sister, we found out that he wasn't home, and that in fact, he didn't live there anymore. I guess she felt badly for us since we came all the way from new jersey and had to settle for a photo session on the front lawn, because she brought out, and gave to us, nine of J.'s old drum sticks. Cheese and aaron got into a fight when Aaron and I were trying to steal j.'s street sign (post and all!) and cheese refused to allow us to put it into his car.

Yeah... i had a good past couple of months.)

(this time i shall no longer
be ignored nor stifled silent
this time i will do for me
what i have never done for me
before. i promise to god thXX
at i will do everything in my
power to be good at being myself.
no more fucking Aaround, this time
time i'm playing for keeps mutha
fucker...)

(this time i shall no
longer be ignored nor
stifled silent. this
time i will do for me w
what i never have done ~~xxxx~~
~~xxxx~~ before

"Umm...hi. Umm, uhh..happy birthday." It scared me. I couldn't believe how fast he was changing. As though he aged four years in the past ten months. And I am unsure if by the time that you read this I'll be speaking of him in the present tense. So on my grandfathers birthday, I started thinking about him and the cancer that is about to claim his life, then I started thinking about cures. "Will there ever be a cure?" I thought to myself. Maybe if Uncle Sam would...

"...And this thing sends out super high frequency sound waves that turn your brain into Jell-O!" "JESUS FUCK! THAT'S CRAZY!", I thought to myself. I sat in my Deviant Behavior class in amazement as the professor told the class about the extremely high rate of change going on in our lifetimes. As an example he told us how when the atomic bomb was invented only a handful of people knew about it, and when it went off the general public stood in amazement. Then he said how his friend, who works for the CIA, told him about this thing that our country, as well as others, posses. Cleverly hidden under Utah, or some bullshit, this "thing" can send out super high frequency sounds that melt the brains of every living thing in it's path (I'm sure you are thinking that my professor is a stinkin' liar, but if someone told you about the A-bomb back in '38 you'd call them a stinkin' liar as well..).

Amazing huh? More than amazing... that's fucking insane! Who the fuck thought of this thing? Where did our country get the mo... Oh wait a second. Okay, back to my Grandfather. This man who I love very much, and have had many great times with, is dying and we were told that there is nothing that we can do but wait. Then I started thinking about cures. "Will there ever be a cure?" I thought to myself. Maybe if Uncle Sam would fork over some more dough for research... Maybe if our government wasn't so preoccupied with using OUR money to make death rays that turn people into friggin stew, maybe if they spent a little more on caring than they did on killing, maybe my grandfather would be eating solid foods and wouldn't be in constant pain.

I once saw a bumper sticker which read: " THE U.S. GOVERNMENT SPENDS MORE IN TWO MINUTES ON THE MILITARY THAN IT DOES IN TWO YEARS ON HEALTH CARE.".. You wanna know something... FUCK YOU!

LOVE,

AARON ~~xx~~

"I GUESS SOMETIMES WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS."
THEY GOT MONEY TO FIGHT WARS BUT NONE FOR 'DA PO!"

-TUPAC

(This was written by my friend Aaron. He writes a zine called INSTANT HAPPINESS, get it it's free!

Aaron Kraft: 95 east shawnee trail wharton, new jersey 07885)



ENA

ENACH OF US IS THE REVOLuTION!

The first time that I ever saw the band frail play was almost two years ago. It was at the New Bedford festival in Massachusettes. I had already obtained a roughly copied dub of "Idle Hands Hold Nothing" and was very much looking forward to seeing a band with such a large amount of intelligence backed by that much energy.

After everything was set up, instruments tuned and band members stratigiccally placed and ready to rock out, Derek, the bassist, grabbed the mic and proclaimed (and I remember the exact words like it was yesterday), "Alright, this song is about T.V.."

Eric jumped up onto stage, snached the microphone up and started yelling at the top of his lungs to a crowd of young adults who were jumping around like they were twelve again and dancing behind a locked door in front of the bathroom mirror. I believe that it was at that moment that I really felt a faith in hardcore. All of my beliefs were confirmed about hardcore being more than a type of music, it turned inside of me as a form of emotion and community. Hardcore is an expression.

Throughout frail's set they continuously thanked the crowd and it became obvious that the band, even though they were on stage, felt that there were no walls dividing crowd and band. Frail tried to make it permanantly clear that they were no different than the on looking people on the floor.

thank god for my birhbday!

Tomorrow I am supposed to vote for the pRESident of the United States of aMerica, a man that will control most everything in this country for the next four years. Thanks to the brave soldiers that fought for my freedom, led by Uncle SAM and his Pied Piper antics, i am able to make a willing decision as to what kind of man rules my country. Thank gOD in heaven above for my birthday and the ability to make such an important decision(for some reason this society thinks it fun to throw the pressure of such a large decision on me. You either have to watch the ten o'clock news twenty four hour a day or be a congressman's child to even think ~~xxx~~ about trying to understand this circus of politics. I figure that i'll just let my ~~xxxxxx~~ younger brother borrow my drivers license and he can do my duk ty to god and my country for me.)but you know what. .. i don't want any part. There's no way in hell that I am going to let myself get thrown on to this the playing field that has become this tyranny of an election year.

I told my mother that, "I'm not gonna throw myself into this friggin democratic society, just so those bastards can shove me down and stick sticks in my eyes.."

"Bry, there may not be the best person on earth to vote for, but you can always make sure that the worst doesn't get into office."

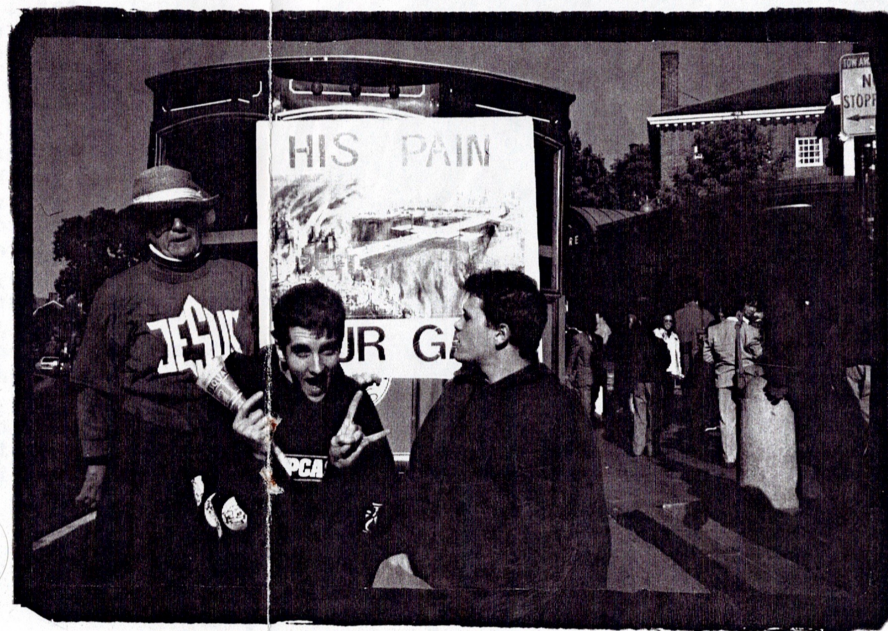
Some guy on the radio tonight said he wasn't going to vote because "none of the candidates are worth my time.". It's people like this though, that make me want to get up and do something positive by voting... either that or kill stupid people like this joker.

bryan

11.04.96

images were only made

• Supreme Court in 1967...
years before i was born.



Baron and Cheese

harvard sq. circa 1996



this kind of smile
hurts my face.



Interracial marriages were only made
legal by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1967...
that is only ten years before I was born.
a

here are a few zines that are really great and that
you should check out.....

butter and venom

this zine was written by a twenty-two year old
fellow that i became friends with named pat.
pat is an awesome writer, all his stories and ar-
ticles come from his life experiences, and are
sometimes very funny. after i first recieved pat's
zine i read it straight through and wrote him a five
page letter, and not two days later there was the mo-
most heartfelt, reassuring and perfectly written
letter you could ever imagine waiting for me in my
mail box. if not for the zine, just write pat a
letter simply because he friggin rules.
the zine is free, but you can always send him some
stamps. 466 cortlandt st. belleville nj 07109

dangerous propaganda #2

"Music... Politics... Graffiti... Feelings...
Shit... Everything that you fucking ever wanted..."
rob sens, the writer of this zine, is a crazy,
red haired genius. it seems as if he just says
"fuck it!" and goes completely bonkers while wri-
ting his perfectly understandable but never thought
of, ideas. the cover states: "1000 new ways to fuck
over someone who cares about you... Why you are so
much fucking cooler than me you fucking asshole...
How to be cool in every scene that you could ever
imagine...", awesome. the word 'fuck' is in this
zine 59 times. this zine is free (i think) also.
506 diamond spring rd. denver nj 07834

instant happiness #1

well, this zine is not out yet, and it will prob-
ably never come out so i don't know why i am even
bothering talking about it here, but if it ever
does come out it will definitely be good. Aaron
is the biggest procrastinator that i know, but he
is also a large thinker and he carries a great
sense of humor so his writing is going to kick
ass. i believe that he is going to include the
interview with INK AND DAGGER that is printed in ~~km~~
this zine, in his own so that will be pretty cool.
aaron was just telling me last night about some
ideas that he had for an article about sex, but how
he was afraid to write it because he thought that
his mom might find it... aaron is 20 (twenty).

aaron wrote something in here so check that out.
again, free but send a stamp.
95 east shawnee trail wharton nj 07885

my favorite country

i got this zine probably almost one year ago, at
a show in pennsylvania. i traded some guy for his
zine and he threw in this one; "heres my friends
too." from that night on i was in love with every-
thing about my favorite country. the layout is
amazing, the writing is humorous and well done and
the cover is simply genious. it has a very good
writing on derogatory names for nationalities
and an interesting interview with tim from AVAIL.
it's hard to imagine that this was ever zine from
the writer, god only knows how great number two
will be. i think this is probably 50¢ or something
like that. 205 west court street apt. B ithaca ny
14850

nothing

i got a bunch of nothing. zines at the new bedford
fests the last couple years and i like them all.
the zines in size are very small, but packed with
tons of tiny words that really mean a lot. tre
writes all of his zines from his hearty heart and
says exactly what is on his mind, like we all sho-
uld. i think it's the whole "free... stamps" thing
again. 2 murdock terrace brighton, mass. 02135

semi-finalist #1

ahhh, my good friend matt's new zine... i just saw
it the other day, it's done, it's all laid out and
everything but for some reason that lazy bastard
just can't "find the time" to get his body to the
photocopy place (aaron told me today that matt is
going to start over and do a new zine because he
"hates" this one, ~~the baker~~.) matt and i used to
do a zine together called line drawing, he and i
pretty much write the same way except that he is
the number one biggest cynic that i know and right-
fully hates all people. matt got his drivers li-
cence taken away over a year ago for unpaid park-
ing tickets and outstanding graffiti warrants, he
is almost as lazy as aaron. matt loves horses and
mt. dew and making me smile. friggity-free.
411 east mcfarlan street dover nj 07801

(i hated doing these two pages)

OCTOBER 31, 1996... Halloween night. Between the white face make up and gallons of fake blood being thrown at the audience, stands the five members of the Philadelphia Society of Future Vampires, screaming out energetic hardcore hits one after another. After a sample of their blood, the crowd hungers for more and eagerly devours the bands energy, dissolving all boundaries between the masterful musicians and their willing servants. Furiously caught up in their music; loud, jangly hardcore, the five members of **INK AND DAGGER** seem to have created a trance like stare over the gathered flock.

After we were a living witness to the occult, my two friends and I, dyed red from sticky cherry seltzer water, knew for certain that we had just become victims of the almighty **INK AND DAGGER**. **INK AND DAGGER** are unquestionably punk rock!

This interview took place in the parking lot of the Edison NJ American Legion hall, slightly after midnight with: **Sean**, the vocalist of **INK AND DAGGER**, **Aaron**, **Doryann** (two of my friends) and myself (**Bryan**).



BRYAN: I don't know... why don't you start off with who is in the band and all that junk.

SEAN: The band is Don, Jorge, Ashley, Terrence, Sean. That's the band, but we have a good five, six, seven other people who just help us out like...

BRYAN: Like throw blood?

SEAN: (*laughing*) Yeah, that and do the  lights. Like Chris, he built the coffin... he does a lot. We have Eric, who does all our background music... there's many people involved.

BRYAN: Ashley didn't record on the seven inch did she?

SEAN: Actually, the new seven inch she did.

BRYAN: Oh yeah, lets talk about that.

SEAN: The old seven inch there was a boy by the name of Dave in the band, and Eric was in the band. Dave and Eric left the band, but Eric still helps out. I don't know where Dave's at. But for the new seven inch... so we replaced Dave with Terry, who used to be in **CONCERNED** and **PREMA**. We grew up with each other. And Ashley, we met Ashley on the **GUILT** tour and we bribed her to be

INK AND DAGGER

in the band.

BRYAN: So, where is she from?

SEAN: She used to play with **GUILT** in Louisville. So she just moved up here.

BRYAN: Wow, she moved up here, really?

SEAN: As of like two weeks notice too, so that's pretty rad. We called her up and we were like, "Yo, we need a bass player and your name came up, so why don't you just move to Philly.". She was like, "What?". We were like, "Just fucking do it! Come on, please!", and she said, "All right, I'll be there Monday." We picked her up from the airport, played a show, practiced a couple times. She went home and got all her stuff, rented a U-haul...

DORYANN: And trucked her ass to Philly!

BRYAN: That's really cool!

SEAN: Yeah! Yeah she lived with us for a couple weeks, but now she has her own place.

BRYAN: So, you have a new seven inch coming out?

SEAN: Yeah. We have a new seven inch that was supposed to come out on Happy Days, but I guess Ritchie's not doing the label anymore, or he's gonna stop... he's like winding down the label I guess. So Andy from Initial bought our old seven inch plus the new seven inch...

BRYAN: So is Initial...

SEAN: So Initial is gonna put out the new seven inch and then he's gonna put out both seven inches on CD.

BRYAN: Are they gonna repress the old one on vinyl also?

SEAN: All the old ones on vinyl are... if you have it, that's it.

BRYAN: How many of those were made?

SEAN: A thousand were made and all we have is the last hundred.

BRYAN: Didn't it cost like \$2.50 each, to make, or something like that?

SEAN: It cost a lot! It cost \$2.94 each.

BRYAN (and everyone else around): (in unison) Oh my God!

SEAN: It was just the packaging [the reason the seven inch cost so much to make].

BRYAN: Oh my God. How did you guys handle that with distros and stuff?

SEAN: Well, we didn't handle any of that. The thing with Ritchie was that he didn't really mind it that much 'cause, I mean, he was totally into doing it. He didn't really mind cause he figured he'd make his money back in the long run by volume, but then Ritchie...

BRYAN: (sarcastically) Yeah, I mean, six cents a record times a thousand...

SEAN: (laughing) Yeah. Plus he made shirts and stuff like that, but that's the major dilemma with the band right now... paying Ritchie back all the money that we owe him.

BRYAN: Did Initial pay him a lot of money for buying the records?

SEAN: No. No, they paid him for the recording. Which was very, very, very cheap 'cause our drummer works in the studio. So I guess that would be that we are on Initial now.

BRYAN: Hey, that's cool! Who did all the layout and design of the record? Was that done through Happy Days?

SEAN: No, I did all of that.

BRYAN: Wow, that's really amazing. How did you get all of those tombstones die-cut?

SEAN: All that stuff we had sent out. The stuff I did was

like, "All right, here's what we want...", laid it all out, gave him the computer disk. We were like, "Don't kill us... Don't kick our asses when you see it!". It cost a lot of money! We were yelling at him on the phone... we saw the bill for it, it was like two pages long, for each die-cut and all that shit. But whatever, it doesn't look like any other record...

BRYAN: No, exactly... it's beautiful!

SEAN: It's fun to look at, you can take it out and play with it.

BRYAN: They were all done on white vinyl?

SEAN: Yeah, they were all done on white vinyl. We have the last hundred, so everything else, nine hundred of them are sold... I only have one.

BRYAN: The record came out in August, right?

SEAN: Yeah, the record came out in August, but there was also three hundred [records] on black that we took on tour with us that, like, nobody around here has.

AARON: Oh, like a test press?

SEAN: Yeah, we just got three hundred test pressed out for the tour. Nobody in the band even has one of them.

BRYAN: And you have a split coming out with DEADGUY?

SEAN: Yeah. That's kind of D.L. ... but it really should come out soon.

AARON: How did the whole make up thing start?

Sean: Make up?

BRYAN: I guess... you know, how did five guys get together and decide to become vampires?

SEAN: The whole vampire thing came about because of the fact that hardcore was dying, you know. It's pretty much in this limbo... purgatory like, where it's not really dead and it's not really alive. People complain too much, you know. Everybody's like,

"Ahhh, this fucking sucks. Nobody moves at shows, nobody does this at shows, nobody does that... This show sucks. This band sucks. There's no new bands." You know. So we were like, "All right, if we correlated that with the undead..." Because the undead isn't really living and it's not really dead. That's the first part, you know, we're undead. And as far as vampires go, they are almost agents of the undead, you know? They're slick, they're cool looking, they're awesome. I don't know if you are familiar with any occult stuff, but vampires pretty much have no rules. They do whatever the fuck they want. I think punk rock is about doing whatever the fuck you want. Whether you are punk rock and you go to shows or you're punk rock and you're by yourself in your room, it's about doing whatever the fuck you want.

BRYAN: It's scary to think that you guys thought of all this.

SEAN: I think we should press these two issues. Self-empowerment; which is basically telling people that you don't have to subscribe to any kind of views, that you are personally powered to do whatever the fuck you want... and it doesn't have to agree or coincide with anything else because it's just all you. You can do whatever the fuck you want and I can complain about it because I can do whatever the fuck I want. Do you know what I mean? We are not any better or any worse than each other. And the second part was, of course, the whole entertainment factor. People go to shows and stand there like, "Awesome. Very good, very good. Next band.", there's no differences... it's the same thing over and over again. Different names, different faces, but the same thing. So we were like, "We're gonna jazz this thing up a bit and try to get some peoples attention."

BRYAN: I think that I noticed, I think you and I were talking about this Aaron, how like hardcore and punk rock and all



those little genres, because it's so underground that everything in it has to do with it... all the lyrics and all the music is all very emotional, it comes right from the heart. So that it's easier for kids to get into it because they can relate to it. I've noticed lately though, that bands haven't been like that. They've been like, "whatever..."

SEAN: Yeah. They just bang out a couple of rock songs.

AARON: Yeah, there's no emotion anymore. There's a few bands that do but for the most part it's just like...

I DON'T KNOW THE GIRLS NAME WHO SAID THIS: That is because nobody is speaking for themselves, they are just repeating what they've heard over and over.

SEAN: People are just following it. I mean, every song that we write though, there's a book to it. You could write a book about it, and we just take this book

"we could full of ideas and play this cram it into a show, and we couple of could play to, words. like, a bunch of

people standing around like this. and like whatever, it doesn't matter the energy is there."

BRYAN: Do you write most of the lyrics? -don devore

SEAN: Yeah, I write the lyrics. It's like, I wish that I had enough time to be like, "This is what this is about... A, B, C, D...", but I can't. I only get a minute and a half each song, or however long the song is. They are about significant things though. They are also kind of in a cryptic way, you can't exactly read them verbatim. You kind of have to look into them and be like, "All right, what the fucks going on?". So that whole idea process of being like, "What the fuck's going on with this band?", or period, "What the fuck's going on?", should inspire thought and that is part of the process



of becoming self-empowered. So for every person that comes up to us and says, "What the fuck are you talking about?", that's one person that is thinking for themselves. So we could be like, "All right dude, here's this, blah, blah, blah, and here's what it's about.", and there's one less question they have in life.

BRYAN: But then you might get into what she was saying, like people telling you what to think.

SEAN: Yeah, exactly. If there's any kind of message or theorem about the band it's kind of like a double edged sword. We're not saying, "This is what you should do.", We're just saying, "This is what we think you should do."

BRYAN: This is what WE like to do.

SEAN: Yeah, "This is what we the band have found has helped us...". Thinking for yourself is kind of like an oxymoron, you know what I mean? Like I'm telling you to think for yourself... it just doesn't happen. So we're not telling you anything, we're just suggesting... people are like sheep, just flocks of sheep. In the long run I think that is seriously hurting a lot of people. People will just grab on to the next bandwagon, the next trend. They are always latched on... always trying to catch up to the next thing and they are wasting their lives on it.

DORYANN: How did you guys come up with your name?

SEAN: INK AND DAGGER is... number one it's scary. Number two, an "ink and dagger" is what pirates used to use to give tattoos. So it signifies permanency, like foreverness, tattoos are forever.

DORYANN: Like for eternity... like vampires.



the almighty Ink and Dagger

331 s. 12th street apt 3f Philadelphia, pa
19107

(there was gonna be something about my ex-girl friend on this page, but she saw it and didn't want me to use it. she thought that it was too personal to put in here... to show other people. i agree with her, but afterall this zine

(i was going to put something that i wrote about my ex-girlfriend on this page, but i let her read it and she didn't want me to use it because it was "too personal"... well here is something more personal than that stupid page:

daar jenn,

i am sorry that things did not work out between us. i still think about you every day and it is extremely hard to imagine my life without you in it right now.

all that i need to know is that you are, and will always be, my friend.

love always,
bryan

p.s. that fuggin beating thingy in my chest hurts like the dickens.

Sometime last August I ordered a few items from a record distributor in Pennsylvania. One of the items that I wanted was out of stock and I was asked if I'd "like to substitute something else for it", the kid on the phone recommended a 7" by a band that I'd never heard of called The Get Up Kids. "Why not?", I thought to myself, "They have a cool name, and what's three dollars anyway?". Well, now I know that three dollars, if spent on The Get Up Kids 7", is an extremely worthwhile investment.

Yeah, yeah, yeah... mail interviews do suck. They come out sounding all corny and not as fluid as a conversation type interview, but what in the hell other choice do I have when the chosen band lives a thousand miles away. Matthew Pryor, one of the singers and guitarists for The Get Up Kids, returned the interview a few weeks later, and I think that it turned out very well.

"Awesome melodic and rocking hardcore in that Sunny Day/Texas is the Reason style. But The Get Up Kids from Kansas City play it faster and with more aggression. Raw emotion combined with beautiful melodies and harmonies. Smooth rich vocals combined with just the right amount of back up screams. This hasn't left my turntable for the last week. It seriously rocks."

-Chris Sleboda (Andrew Thomas distribution)



"i met a two year old this weekend
with better manners than you."

-my mom

(es man'ana uno mas dia.)

julia



c. baland

julia

c. boland



piebald

Yesterday was Thanksgiving day. Instead of eating plenty of undercooked, tryptaphan filled turkey and countless amounts of candied yams followed by a nap in front of the Cowboys game, seven of us (in alphabetical order: aAron, myself, Cheese, Jeff, ken, mookie and my brother RobertO.) decided to partake in a day of skiing and snowboarding fun at HUNTER mountain in new york.

Aside from the lack of sleep and presently so~~x~~re back, i believe that we~~x~~ all had a great time. WE ~~i~~all left my house at 6:37, only seven minutes off schedule, and made the two hour drive in one-twenty. from there on everything went very smooth. The snow conditions were great and Cheese is the worst skier in the friggin world. HE has trouble even riding the lift. He is a great kid otherwise. On the way home(while we were listening to Green Day's Kerplunk album), while he thought that I was asleep, ~~XXXXXX~~Cheese kissed the top of my head. I thought that was very nice, thanks kid-o.)

While the song "Who Wrote Holden Caulfield was playing Cheese asked me if it reminded me of Claire (Claire is a very old and good friend that we all used to be very close to and this was one of our favorite songs.), everyone in the car laughed at Cheese and made fun of him, but after i thought about it it later made perfect sense and did remind me of not only her, but all the greatness that us 15/16 year old demons had. yeah... rock on!

Well, today is my birthday. 19 mother grabbin years old! Old enough to smoke and vote, to young to get drunk and i only have one more year left of my "glorious teen's"... life could not get any better.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SUCKER!

Last night after we got home from skiing, we went to Doryann and Alice's pad for some vegan thanksgiving grub. Mad props ~~xxx~~ goes out to my nigga's D and A for the stuffing and mashed potatoes, yams, tempeh, and all that other junk. thank you!

this whole idea makes me feel very uncomfortable.

Three weeks ago, a boy named Michael, from my color and design class was tragically killed in a car accident.

It was a friday afternoon and he was returning from work for an hour or so at home before he began his night college classes. Michaels car was quoted in a local newspaper as: "just slowly drifting into the oncoming lane!..", by the driver of the truck behind Michaels car. Michaels car collided with a newlywed couple from pennsylvania's truck, and Michael was killed instantly upon impact.

Another student in the class, one of Michaels friends, told the class that he had fallen asleep at the wheel. that was the same idea that everyone had gotten from Michaels father also. For some reason, I didn't like the truck drivers quote at all. It kind of made it seem that Michael may have committed suicide, or at least by printing that in the newspaper it threw that idea up into the air. There was no way in hell that a boy with a smile that wide would have done that.

Rightfully so, the following day of class, our professor told the stunned class the news and cancelled our final project. The class jointly decided to create a memorial project for Michael.

Each of the remaining sixteen students (why is it that at the end of every semester there is always at least 50% less students than at the beginning?) is going to create two 11x11 non objective ~~xxx~~ pieces of two dimensional art work. Additionally, each student is going to choose a single word to remember or reflect on Michael. All thirty-two pieces of art are going to be mounted together on a four by eight foot sheet of plywood with a 1/2" black showing through between the work to both ~~xx~~ act as a background and a border. I am going to print the words that we chose(along with another sixteen spanish translations)on 11" sheets of transparent acetate, and these are going to be strategically placed over the art work.

This whole project is so stressfull. I cannot take the pressure of having a deadline to complete something that is supposed to 'remember' a person who died.

I have a hard enough time dealing with death, how in the bloody hell am I supposed to place all my energy and emotion into something that I

HUNTER
MOUNTAIN

1 STL WATR	1.75
1 FRNCH FR	1.60
SBTL	3.35
TXB1	3.35
TXTL	.25
TOTL	3.35
CASH	3.35

THANK YOU
COME AGAIN
CSHR DESBIE
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am collaborating with 15 other people on?(It is hard enough to design and create two pieces of art work that come straight from my heart, how am I supposed to do all that while working along side, and together with, 15 others?)

This project has really been on my mind for the past couple of weeks, and that has taken its toll on the rest of my life and it's sanity. Two days ago I went to get some photocopies made for the words we are printing on the art work. Well, the dick nose of a sales associate at OFFICE MAX really made my day, I ~~near~~ly started to cry right there in front of the photocopiers and a handful of other customers. This old bag of a man was treating everyone like garbage and when it was my turn for the royal treatment I got a lecture on how I am so stupid (or at least that is how asshole made me feel.) for not knowing that 11x17 paper "doesn't come in colors, only 8x11. That's it, NO OTHER SIZE COMES IN COLORS." he then proceeded to tell me about the "new rules", and how I wasn't allowed to change the paper in the self service machines anymore. "Only I can change the paper... me. If you need double sided copies you don't do it, let ME know.", I couldn't even say anything back to him to make him feel stupid. I just kind of saluted him like he was my drill sgt. (at least that made some business man next to me chuckle, that made me feel a tad better.), thanked him sincerely for his help and courtesy, and got the heck out of there before the tears came down. I don't know what the fuck my problem was, it's not like I was tired or anything like that. I guess what it all boils down to was that that old, wrinkled piece of shit was just having a bad day and that had to effect everyone else's that he came in contact with... sad thought.

I wanted, so very badly, to tell him off. I wanted to yell my face off at him and let him know that I was purchasing all these copies to work on a project for a fellow student that was accidentally killed. Unfortunately nothing came out of my mouth, not even to the cashier where I paid for the copies that I did make. I was at least planning on complaining about sgt. Dick-suck to her. I don't really ever want to go back there now.

That old, trick-eyed bugger really turned me off!

Later that day in class when I was explaining to the class how we were going to lay out the "memorial project", some guy in the class that I have barely ever spoken two words with, announces that he thinks there should be more of a constant theme between all of the 11x11 pictures. He continued: "All of the words that we chose are except for the word 'smile'. Maybe we could change that word to 'smiling' or 'smiled', it doesn't fit the rest of the words." I don't think that he knew that he had chosen the word that I chose to comment on, and I don't think that he knew that I was ~~was~~ having a not-so-great day and that I didn't want to hear his censorship trash. I calmly explained to the overly-understanding rest of the class that the word 'smile' was the word that I chose. I told them why I chose that word, and what it meant to me to use that word in that form. I calmly told the class how I had thought about the form of the word, and how I thought that the class would not like the form of the word that I chose, but that I didn't care. I let the class know that this project was arranged as a remembrance of Michael and that no one has any right to change anyone else's feelings about Michael, therefore they ~~can~~ ~~xxxx~~ don't have any right to tell someone what word to choose to remember someone with and they don't have any right to change someone's art work (for quality, aesthetic purpose's or any other reason). This was a joint effort to remember a fellow student and very talented artist, and we shouldn't have any kind of "quality control" placed on our emotion/expressions. The class understood and agreed, but I would have much rather cold-cocked that kid for telling me how to remember someone... hopefully once this project is finished I won't be an angry person anymore.

december seven 1996 (one-n^{ine}-nine-six) XXX

thanks for reading pal...

bryan bryan

(it snowed, for the first time this season, this morning. i drove my friend to work in the middle of a pale world. everything was white, wet and wiggity-wonderful. for some reason, the color white makes everything good and happy.)

!!College offers a chance for
a final fling before the plunge
into a world turning increas-
ingly uncertain. An outdoor
blanket party around a fire
is decorously daring.
Beer, another great cohesive
element of campus life,
provides a challenge for champ-
ions—an expert chug-a-lugger
can empty a hefty stein in a
few huge swallows. at footba
ball home-coming weekends, xx
social fraternities compete in
displays of loyalty to THE
TEAM!!

"" "" ""

ten kaw Avenue
rockaway, new joisey
07866

cut and paste
on dia.

paul d.

201-927-7949